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FIFTH ANNUAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

New • England • Society

OF ST. LOUIS,

AT

— Southern Hotel, —

December 21, 1889.



FIFTH  
ANNUAL CELEBRATION  
OF THE  
NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY  
OF ST. LOUIS,  
AT  
SOUTHERN HOTEL,  
DECEMBER 21, 1889.

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OFFICERS, MEMBERS, AND BY-LAWS, OF THE SOCIETY.

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ST. LOUIS, 1890.

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OFFICERS OF THE  
NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

OF ST. LOUIS,

1889.

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President :

HENRY HITCHCOCK.

Vice-Presidents :

CARLOS S. GREELEY,  
CHARLES PARSONS,  
W. H. PULSIFER.

Executive Committee :

R. M. HUBBARD,  
L. B. TEBBETTS.

GEO. E. LEIGHTON,  
EDMUND T. ALLEN.

*Term expiring February, 1890.*

*Term expiring February, 1891.*

EDWARD S. ROWSE,  
THOMAS DIMMOCK.

*Term expiring February, 1892.*

Treasurer :

OSCAR L. WHITELAW,

*409 N. Second Street.*

Secretary :

W. B. HOMER,

*411 Olive Street.*

OFFICERS OF THE  
NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY  
OF ST. LOUIS

For previous Years.

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Presidents:

Year Elected.

1885—H. M. POLLARD.

1885—JAMES RICHARDSON.

1887—GEORGE E. LEIGHTON.

1888—EDWARD S. ROWSE.

Vice-Presidents:

1885—ELMER B. ADAMS.      1886—Rev. J. C. LEARNED.

1885—ALVAH MANSUR.      1887—Rev. GEO. E. MARTIN

1886—E. O. STANARD.      1887—DANIEL CATLIN.

1886—MELVIN L. GRAY.      1887—D. T. JEWETT.

1888—Rev. GEO. E. MARTIN      1888—DENHAM ARNOLD.

1888—C. H. SAMPSON.

Executive Committee:

1885—F. A. PRATT.      1885—LEWIS E. COLLINS.

1885—GEO. D. BARNARD.      1885—FRED'K W. DRURY.

1885—LEWIS E. SNOW.      1886—H. M. POLLARD.

1886—C. H. SAMPSON.      1886—L. B. RIPLEY.

1886—F. H. LUDINGTON.      1886—C. M. WOODWARD.

1887—H. M. POLLARD.      1887—JAMES RICHARDSON.

1887—EDWARD S. ROWSE.      1887—F. N. JUDSON.

1887—C. H. SAMPSON.

Treasurer:

OSCAR L. WHITELAW.

Secretary:

W. B. HOMER.

PROCEEDINGS  
AT THE  
FIFTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL

HELD

*SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21st, 1889,*

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE TWO-HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-NINTH  
ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

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\* \* \* \* \* ‘And can you deem it strange  
That from their planting such a branch should bloom  
As nations envy?’

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The New England Society of St. Louis celebrated its Fifth Annual Dinner and Festival at the Southern Hotel on Saturday evening, February 21st, 1889.

The large dining-room of the Hotel was required to accommodate the increased number of members and guests who attended. When the one hundred and eighty persons present had taken their places at the tables, the Rev. J. C. Learned asked the blessing of God in the following invocation :

“Almighty God, our Father—Spring of all our joys—who holdest the destiny of nations in thy guiding hand, beyond whose loving care no creature of thine can stray, we would recognize the benevolence of an unfailing goodness in the assembly and festival of this hour.

“With hearts filled with gratitude we would recall the heroes and saints of an older time—the deeds and aims of those who gave their labors and their lives—

that we who enter into the heritage of their thought might act more nobly and live more abundantly.

“May the spirit of freedom be honored, may the bonds of fellowship be strengthened, and may the motives of character be exalted by the tender and sacred and joyous memories of this night.

“And thine shall be the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.”

The music during the dinner was furnished by Saenger's Band. The dinner consisted of the following :

◦ — — menu. — — ◦

BLUE POINTS, DEEP SHELL.

GREEN TURTLE.

CUCUMBERS.

CELERY.

OYSTER PATTIES.

BOILED KENNEBEC SALMON, ANCHOVY SAUCE.

POTATO CROQUETTES.

SUPREME OF PARTRIDGE, TRUFFLE SAUCE.

STRING BEANS.

FILET OF BEEF, LARDED, MUSHROOM SAUCE.

ASPARAGUS.

**SOUTHERN HOTEL PUNCH.**

QUAIL.

DRESSED LETTUCE.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

ICE CREAM IN FORM.

CAKE.

FRUIT.

NEW ENGLAND SAGE AND ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

COFFEE.

\* — — \*  
\* — — \*

The dinner being at an end, the President made the following address :



## Remarks of Henry Hitchcock, Esq.,

PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

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It is my pleasant office to congratulate you, sons and daughters of New England upon the recurrence of your annual reunion.

I congratulate you upon the prosperous close of another year of the history of your Society and upon the gratifying increase both in the number of its members, and in their growing interest and good fellowship which this large attendance shows; as well as upon the fact that its Treasurer can report a modest surplus, fortunately not large enough to keep us awake of nights elaborating statesmanlike schedules for the revision of the tariff, or deliberating over the millions which we shall *not* appropriate for service pensions.

I congratulate you upon assembling here to revive anew those ancestral memories so dear to us all. This evening we lay aside the thoughts and cares of our work-a-day life, that we may heighten the pleasures of the passing hour in looking back with just pride to the days of old, and forward with renewed hopefulness to the days to come—to the future not merely of this Society and its members, but of the great State of our adoption, and the greater people whose name we are proud to bear. In the historic trials and conflicts of the forefathers we recognize with thankfulness the stern discipline which made them the men that they were. In their independence, their love of liberty, their courage, their sublime

response to the dictates of conscience, their God-fearing self-denial, we find the beginnings, as in their conquest of the wilderness and the savage we trace the onward steps of that majestic westward march of empire which knew no pause until stayed by the waves that dash upon the golden sands of California. And if, by the tyranny of the Old World or the hardships of the New, that independence was warped into intolerance; if the yoke which that self-denial imposed was sometimes too heavily laid upon the conscience of their neighbors, we may admit that these were faults without abating a jot of the reverence due to the virtues of which they were the defects. Instructed by their errors, inspired and strengthened by their heroic virtues and their achievements, well may their descendants, in every part of this broad continent, assemble to perpetuate and honor their memory while rejoicing in the fruit of their toils.

Let me also congratulate you in advance upon the words of wit and wisdom which we shall hear from the gentlemen who will unfold the true inwardness of the sentiments which you find upon the evening's programme.

Speaking of the programme, it seems my duty to correct an error which has crept into it—I know not how—unless it was the work of that ancient adversary of New England whose modern representative is the printer's devil. It calls for an address from your presiding officer. Now this Society was organized and exists, in proper American fashion, under a written constitution granting to its officers strictly limited powers. It was modeled, I understand, upon the Constitution of the United States; but it confessedly surpasses that immortal instrument in being considerably shorter and much

easier of interpretation. This constitution of yours provides for a president, but it nowhere provides that he shall make an address. For him to make one would therefore plainly be unconstitutional, and, as a strict constructionist, you will see that I could not violate it in that way. On the other hand, your constitution nowhere forbids your President to call upon others to make addresses; and therefore, as a liberal constructionist, I am at perfect liberty to fulfil that pleasant duty this evening.

And I have the great pleasure of naming, in connection with the first regular toast, a gentleman well known to us all. We know him as one whose graver meditations have enriched the American literature which his kindly and delicate humor has adorned. A son of the land of steady habits, he has wandered afar, and, emulating Ulysses of old, has seen the cities and manners of many men. Following the footsteps of Herodotus, father of travelers and historians, he has described the venerable relics of the most ancient civilization; and with equal facility has recorded the astonishing progress of our own, the youngest. He has been on friendly terms with mummies and with Moslems without imbibing the fanaticism of the one or being infected by the dryness of the other.

Without longer detaining you, I propose, ladies and gentlemen, the time-honored sentiment, "Forefathers' Day,"—and I ask Mr. Charles Dudley Warner to respond. [Applause.]

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## Response of Charles Dudley Warner, Esq.

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Mr. Warner said :

Mr. Chairman, and Fellow-Pilgrims,—

It is a very inspiring sight to see so many people who are either Yankees, or have the grace to wish to be thought so on this occasion. I was told that our learned and brilliant president had the irreparable misfortune at an early period of his life not to be born in New England. That, however, is an error which he has measurably atoned for by having an ancestry among the most honored in the Pilgrim annals. I know it was respectable, because my mother's name was the one which your president has added so much honor to. Not only has he had that ancestry, but he has had the wisdom to see how the country was going, as they say in election phrase, that it was going New England; and he has had the wisdom in his day to get on the right side openly and publicly, and to be a New Englander. He has come into the majority—and this has nothing to do with the speech, but I happen to think about it—a little differently from what a colored brother did the other day in Macon, Georgia. They make majorities differently down there. There was an indictment of a white man for an election fraud, and the evidence of his guilt was so plain that it was necessary, in order to get along well, to have the jury a little looked to. In point of fact, everybody who was too much colored was challenged off except one old darkey, who remained. The eleven jurors, when they retired, considered how they should present the

appearance of the ordinary jury and still set free the acknowledged guilty prisoner. So, when they came into the jury room, they moved, in the first place, that they elect a foreman, and that the foreman should not have a vote except in case of a tie. That struck the colored brother as a fair arrangement and he voted for it. Then they elected Uncle Remus foreman, and then they balloted—and there were eleven for acquittal, and, of course, there was no tie! When the foreman, in the suitable pride of his office, came into court and was asked for his verdict he said, “If the Court please, the jury am gone democratic.” [Laughter.]

I did not know until I came here that this was to be a mixed assembly. I should have liked it, of course, better, and been more attracted toward it, if I had known it in advance. I have always understood, indeed I knew, from my grandmother, who lived in Kingston, hard by Plymouth, and who, when a little girl, heard the sound of the cannon at the battle of Bunker Hill, that the Mayflower company was rather mixed; and that they went in as they did in the Ark, more or less, two and two, and that Woman played a considerably important part in the early transactions. Men talk a great deal about the Pilgrim Fathers—a great deal. A great deal that might be repeated, and generally is repeated year after year, and very little about the Pilgrim mothers. Who was it that said the pilgrim mothers ought to have an innings now?—and I hope they will for a century or so, because they suffered as much as the pilgrim fathers did; that is to say, they had to endure everything that the pilgrim fathers endured—and the pilgrim father besides. [Laughter.]

Now, the pilgrim has been lauded, attacked and de-

fended until, I suppose, there is nothing new to say about him or about his achievements; and for this and other reasons I am going to invite your attention for a few moments to a line of thought parallel, but perhaps a little different from the set eulogy of the ancestry of which I am so justly proud, and you are.

The West is always the child of the East. Civilization, we say, marches westward. This is not only a line of march, but usually of development. We do not mean that civilization deserts its eastern home, but that it spreads, sends out pickets and conquering armies westward. That has been the course in the history of the races to which we belong and are allied. This gives to the East the appearance of being conservative, to the West of being progressive. But it is always one continuous line, and we cannot actually break with traditions.

On this day we are called to celebrate both the character and influence of the Pilgrims, and the development and prospects of their descendants. At such a time there is always a tendency to exaggerate the character under consideration, to heighten his traits good and bad, to regard him as an exceptional phenomenon. The Pilgrim of Plymouth and the colonizer of Massachusetts was not a new species or a strange creature in the world, an isolated discoverer and experimenter without a past. He was simply a man, bound as we are by traditions, the product of a long struggle, in one stage of his evolution and under new conditions. He was a Teutonic man, strong, questioning, doubting, cultivating, the type of individualism, awaiting his orders from a higher power not of this world, conveyed however through the medium of his own judging and approving soul. On his religious side he was the offspring of the Reformation,



with its assertion of individual responsibility; on the political side, the child of the free Germanic spirit which was never conquered, which alone was able to cope with the organization and discipline of Rome, which in the Alemanni planted in Switzerland the democracy that in its fastnesses has resisted till to-day the force and the diplomacy of Europe. His religion and his politics were in fact one and the same thing. Tried and harassed in England for his opinions, and for the eccentricities into which freedom of opinion is likely to run, he rekindled his faith and his spirit in Holland and Geneva, and sought a new world to find room for his growth.

Fortunately for us his discipline continued here. No well informed man would expect to found an empire in the sands of Plymouth or among the rocks of Salem; none but a man of the most tough and virile qualities could have sustained himself there. The Great Creator must have had a mind to test the fibre of his children when he sent them to New England. He had, we must suppose, work for them to do that required, in order to bring out the proper qualities, a conflict with a climate that needs constant attention, and with a soil reluctant to the point of niggardliness to yield anything. The Pilgrim, who looked only for a better country, even a heavenly, probably did not know this, nor appreciate the fact that his training was intended to make him and his descendants such men that conflict with any other climate and soil would be only a delightful recreation. Quite possibly his virility would have softened and his aggressive heroism would have melted away in a more genial condition, and the course of history would have changed if the Mayflower had landed south of Long Island. But, after subduing New England, it was mere play to run over the rest of the continent.

With climate and new physical conditions and in isolation, the evolution of the Teutonic race in New England went on. In all history there is nothing more interesting than the study of this evolution. There was from the first an uncommon accent laid on duty, and an exaggerated development of conscience. So much conscience had he that he had plenty to spare for others less fortunate, and his sense of duty and his conceit of his own rectitude made him not slow to impose it upon others. But whatever formulas he cast for himself and imposed upon others, it was quite certain that his individualism, which made him intolerant, would eventually work out into the widest liberty. And he did go through the furnace of Jonathan Edwards, logically, into new and enlarging freedom. But in this as in his political action he followed his traditions and the laws of his being, not suddenly, or by breaking with his past, but in a true evolutionary movement. There were for him only two persons in the universe—himself and his Creator. It was probably the habit of a form of speech that made him in the Mayflower compact acknowledge any other earthly sovereign than himself. But, presently, on the banks of the Connecticut, was developed the true democratic federal idea of government, and Thomas Hooker, the founder of American democracy, acknowledged no sovereign above the consent of the people, except the Most High. In the government by the three independent river towns with elected representatives in a general court, we have the exact and first prototype of our indestructible federal Union of indestructible states; and when the framers of the constitution were likely to split asunder on the vital question of state and federal authority, it was this



“Connecticut Compromise” that saved them. Yet the underlying idea was only a natural evolution of the town democratic idea which the settlers brought with them. Teutonic, or English, or whatever it was, it was a growth and not an invention of the moment. As has been pointed out, the contrivance with which we attempted to place ourselves as a nation, after the war of independence, namely, the confederation, an invention of our own, without any roots in the past, any tradition, was a dead failure. In our constitution we simply fell into line again. Hooker’s suggestion both of a government only by the consent of the people and the federal idea was a new thing, but it was in the inevitable line of development.

The early New Englanders had many distinguishing characteristics, traits that marked them for distinction in an age of great ferment and experiment. One was faith in God, and the belief that they were His chosen people and instruments; and, allied to this, the notion, that the best—that is, those best informed in the Divine purpose—should rule. There was immense governmental vigor in this faith, and considerable in this belief, and it has not yet wholly spent itself. The New England theocratic government is as interesting a chapter in human history as that elaborated in the Old Testament. But, after all, the distinguishing trait of the New Englander was his respect for law; that is, his individual submission to the tribunal of the organized justice of society. There have been remarkable civilizations where this respect for law was lacking to a great degree, civilization producing a most charming society, delightful men and women, a keen sense of personal honor, a high degree of polish and refine-

ment. But, wanting that pervading reliance upon law which takes from the individual the private administration and revenge, they have been unstable, liable to the sudden outbreak of frightful tragedies, of disturbances which make the whole social state insecure. It is the special glory of the Pilgrim that wherever he dwelt, and over the wide spaces where his influence has been paramount, there has existed a profound respect for law. This has been the mighty force, this intelligent submission of the individual to the necessities of high social order, that has kept all the vast region, north of the Ohio and away onward to the Pacific, steady in its wonderful growth, notwithstanding the disorganizing tendencies of pioneer life, of frontier aggressions, of foreign intermixture. This order, this vital faithfulness to discipline, this social integrity, you expect to find in every community settled by New Englanders. You may find in it many other traits, or survivals or exaggerations of traits, that you do not like, shrewdness, for instance, developed into overreaching; but this necessary fundamental law you do find. If the Pilgrim's neighbor injured him, he did not try to settle the difficulty with a shot-gun; he referred it to a town meeting.

The Pilgrim was a great figure in his day. The same figure would not be so imposing in our day, nor could the best man of that day deal with the problems of this. Why? Because, for one reason, James Watt, in Glasgow, in 1761 invented the high-pressure engine. That application of steam to overcome inertia and the law of gravitation changed the face of the world. Not only that, but it compelled the reorganization of society. It did not simply make possible the continued union of

these states (impossible to be conceived of with science at the point it was in our colonial state), but it created, it is still creating, a new society—that and the modern applications of electricity. Fancy what chance there was of continuing a union of common aspiration, of sympathy, of interest in the year 1800 when it took twenty-two days to convey the mail from New York to Nashville. The best wagon roads ever constructed would not have sufficed, in time or capacity, for exchanging products between the Atlantic States and the Mississippi valley—a ready and quick exchange as necessary to a political as to a commercial union. Local development and self-sufficiency would have driven the states apart, not kept them together. Roman roads interlacing the vast area of our country, with Roman soldiers stationed at all commanding points, would have made for a time an empire possible, never a federal republic. Steam is a notice to a soldier to quit. For a time it has facilitated his operations and made them more terrible, but nothing is more certain in the evolution of humanity than that the scientific perfection of military power will in time end war. We shall refer it, as we do our private injuries, to a town meeting. This quick exchange is not only a creator of sympathy and common opinion, but an allayer of panic and misapprehension. You get an alarming dispatch from Washington—ugly look in our relations with Germany about Samoa or a row in Louisiana. The next hour you get another dispatch that the President has gone to Virginia to shoot ducks, followed soon by the cheering intelligence that he has shot forty ducks. You turn to your business reassured that the country is not going to the devil, or the chief executive would not have time to shoot forty ducks. The expla-

nation may be that he has escaped forty office-holders, or that the removals got clogged and had to have a rest. Our administrations are getting more and more faith in God—confidence that the Divine power will manage the great interests of our complex society, while they look out for the offices. [Laughter.]

The invention of machines to do the work of men is a constant disturber of the social order. It means from the first combination and consolidation. This is inevitable in order to cheapen production and decrease the cost of distribution. We can scarcely conceive what would be the public inconvenience and the public loss if the railways of this country were all detached pieces, operated by ten thousand different wills. Stop and think what it means that you can load your freight car at a cattle ranch in Texas and let it pass undisturbed till it is emptied at Boston; that you can yourself, at a cost constantly lessening, enter a car at Boston and remain in it undisturbed and with no concern about your route till you step out of it at San Francisco, or the City of Mexico. Combinations! Consolidations! How could you have it otherwise? Do you think you could, if you would, return to the social condition of the Pilgrims? The scientific and the economic evolution must go on, in great factories, in iron, in coal, in oil, in every industrial enterprise, in every manufacture, carriage, and distribution. What then? Are you surprised that these combinations are met by others, by unions of laborers to preserve their individual interests in this crushing attack of machinery, this powerful combination of capital? If the old woman seated by her fireside knitting a stocking had been a seer, she could have foretold all this when she first heard of the knitting machine. Some-

times the combination of the laborer precedes and sometimes it follows that of the capitalist. Each accuses the other of forcing his action. It matters little. Both are part of the inevitable social evolution to which we must adjust ourselves. There will always be more or less confusion, more or less injustice in such an adjustment. Foolish things, unwise things, will be done on every hand, cruel injustice, petty tyrannies. It is futile, however, to combine against machinery; it is impossible, also, for any consolidations to ignore the human being. For, however striking in this age are the vast industrial combinations, never before has risen so rapidly the recognition of this worth of the individual. The conflict alarms many. We do not see to the end. Ask yourselves, if this is a better or a worse world to live in, either as regards material comfort or intellectual freedom, than the age of the Pilgrims. What shall be our attitude towards this social change? That of alarm, protest, obstruction? The social revolution will go on. Men will continue to invent, to combine, to struggle upwards. Society is a living organism. I cannot doubt that its evolution, with all the incidental hardships, is on a Divine plan. We cannot be indifferent; our duties of vigilance multiply indeed as the social complexities increase, but we have no call for alarm or despair. Our attitude should rather be that of calm, on-looking observation, and the conflict will work a preponderance of good, and not of evil, if we maintain one of our inheritances from the Pilgrim incorruptible and unshaken, his respect for law. That is the key of the situation. We shall come out unharmed if the public conscience keeps all the parties to the evolutionary conflict within the law.

The Pilgrim had the conceit of his election, the eastern man has the conceit of his antiquity, the western man has the conceit of his opportunity. The descendant of the Pilgrim in the west is not, however, a new man, only a man newly placed, with an enlarged vision by reason of a greater horizon. If he succeed, if he succeed long—that is, if his life and his society are a permanent achievement and not a “boom”—his success will be due to the same qualities that made the Pilgrim a great power—courage and integrity, faith in God, respect for law.

The terms east and west, except geographically, are losing their significance. The facilities of intercourse are every day removing distinctions. Social usages are more and more the same east and west. What the western man feels, however, more than the eastern man is impatience of traditions. It may be carried too far. A safe society is always a continuous development. There is often a wonderful stimulation of progress for a time in breaking with tradition, but nothing can grow soundly for long unless it roots in the past. Civilization is like a tree. It shoots up and spreads, and puts forth its leaves and its flowers and its fruit. We trim it and prune it, and it bears amain. But by and bye the blossoms are less, the fruit is inferior, the leaves grow sickly. It is in vain that we cut and trim. The tree wants nourishment. The roots must be looked to, and we give the tree new vitality by digging into its past. It is the same with literature. We cultivate the tree all on top. We trim it into fantastic shapes, into conceits, into affectations of form. But there is little original life in it. Literature begins to revive when scholarship digs into the roots of the languages, into



the old literatures. We call it from time to time a revival of learning. Then the literature sends up new shoots, blossoms abound, the fruits are solid and full of flavor, the tree spreads and the singing birds dwell in it.

The civilization of the great west, full of promise and show, extraordinary in its roomy opportunity, cannot break with tradition. It needs, believe me, and must preserve, the spirit, the sap of vitality that made the Pilgrim great in his day, the power of orderly development which never neglects, nor can afford to neglect, the ancestral virtues, and constantly renews its life in the wisdom of the past. [Applause.]

The Society arose and sang Mrs. Heman's hymn, "Landing of the Pilgrims," being led by a choir consisting of Mrs. Peebles, Mrs. Gruen, Mr. Dierkes, and Mr. Townley. After which the President said :

We had desired very much, and hoped at one time, that we would have the pleasure of the company of His Excellency, the Governor of the State, at our meeting; and it was from no want of desire on his part that we are deprived of it. Finding himself unable to come, he has sent a telegram which I am sure will be welcome to you, and which I will read now.

JEFFERSON CITY, MO., Dec. 2, 1889.

*Henry Hitchcock, Pres't New England Society,  
Southern Hotel, St. Louis.*

Impossible for me to attend New England Dinner this evening, and I regret it exceedingly, as I should like to meet and hear your distinguished guest and attest the high appreciation in which the sons of New England, the Puritan stock, are held in Missouri, and to acknowledge the efficiency and effectiveness of their efforts to promote the material progress and general welfare of the community.—DAVID R. FRANCIS.

[Applause.]

Forty or fifty years ago, before “the late unpleasantness” arose, it is said that the relations sometimes grew strained between those who represented certain New England ideas in the halls of Congress and those who held different economic and political views. Happily those controversies have passed into history with the disappearance of their chief cause, and we can well afford to laugh over the sharp encounters of wits that took place now and then. One story has survived, to the effect that a member from Rhode Island, famous in those days for his sarcastic retorts, was walking down Pennsylvania avenue one day accompanied by a southern friend of his who was always ready to poke fun at the Yankees. They met a drove of mules on the way to the market. Said the southerner, “I say, there are a lot of your constituents going south.” “Ya-as,” drawled the Yankee, “going saouth to teach school.” [Laughter.] His friend agreed, it is said, to call it square.

I need not remind you that, from the days of the Pilgrim fathers until now, the school-house, not less than the church on the hill, has been a characteristic feature of the New England landscape and a potent factor in her civilization. Not only in her pleasant villages and busy towns has the New England teacher carried on his noble work of preparing the future citizen for the responsibilities of American life. His influence has been felt, his labors prized, his name honored, in schools and colleges throughout the land. We have with us as an honored guest, this evening, a son of New England who presides over an institution of learning in our own State, well known to you all. In announcing the next sentiment, “The New England Teacher in the Southwest,”



I have the great pleasure of calling upon President Ingalls, of Drury College, to respond. [Applause.]

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Response of President C. F. Ingalls, D.D.

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President Ingalls said :

Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen,—

I feel very grateful to our chairman for stating that the New England people have always been interested in education. It seems to me I have heard that remark before. I am not sure; but somewhere, if I mistake not, it has been asserted either upon some platform or in some pulpit, or, perhaps, at some New England dinner, that the New Englanders are educators. I am sure this never could have been said by any son of New England himself, because New Englanders are too modest for that. It must have been said by some one who was born outside of New England, or by the impartial historian who wishes to tell the truth about our noble ancestors and ourselves, and who has the wit to see that, among other good features of our characters, we are interested in the education of the young. We know, as a matter of fact, that wherever the New Englander has gone, as has been suggested, he takes the school-house and the church with him—the “meeting-house” and the “deestriect school.” They are not very attractive buildings, generally. In fact, it is gratifying to observe that they are improving under other influence, I think, than that of New England itself. Now, while he is an educator, I think it is possible that we have not always given due credit to the real un-

derlying motive of the New Englander in thus pressing the matter. We have sometimes said that he is very disinterested ; that he is seeking to promote the welfare of his fellow-men, willing to make many and great sacrifices in their behalf. But you will observe as a matter of fact that the New Englander is not disinterested all over. It could hardly be expected that he would be actuated by such motives exclusively in seeking the education of the young. It is sometimes suggested, as has been intimated in the address which we listened to with so much pleasure, that it has been a matter of conscience with him thus to devote himself to the intellectual training of youth ; and it is a fine thing to have the approval of one's conscience ; it is encouraging, stimulating, hopeful. But, perhaps, as a matter of fact, the real reason why the New Englander seeks education is because he knows that that is the best way to keep on top. He wants to have a good time in this world, he wants to get just as much from this world as he possibly can, and he sees that the very best way to do it is to do his work with his brains and not with his muscles. And so, in order that he may get the good things of this life freely and have all the advantages that could be derived from these influences, he has pressed this matter of education both for himself and for his children. He has, at the same time, shown a great deal of sympathy with those who have had to work with their muscles, but you will notice that he always gets them to do the work. He will get the Canadian, the Irishman, the Mongolian, the Italian, to do the hard work, and at the same time he says that there is no work so hard as brain work. [Laughter.]

Now, as a matter of fact, you will see that he has to be an educator. He must be an educating animal; he lost the power to do anything with his muscles. Put him in the trench, or along the railroad, by the side of the other man who has used his muscles, and he would be nowhere; he would be left in the lurch every time: and so, of course, while he has had this very lofty motive in doing his work as a matter of his own salvation, he has been obliged to educate himself and to educate his children. Perhaps that in part accounts for the devotion of the sons of New England to education.

Now, in the progress of his wanderings over the country, this educated and educating New Englander got into the Southwest. He had to be true to his history, to his antecedents, to his traditions; so he sets up a school. he starts a college, he gets himself elected president of a college, possibly, and feels that in so doing he is carrying out the very idea of the Mayflower itself, and that he is fulfilling the mission of the Pilgrims.

When the New Englander gets down into the Southwest as a teacher, he finds that the conditions are not exactly the same as they were back in New England. He is compelled to adjust himself to new surroundings, and I think one of the first things he finds when he gets down there is that the people do not care to work there with their muscles or their brains either. It is a new problem. And at first he is inclined to be a little severe and to judge severely his fellow-men who live on that parallel; but I think the more we consider it, the less inclined we shall be to severity in our judgment. Nature is more genial, more kindly, the farther south you go. The soil is richer, the sun is warmer. Nature is in every way more bounteous; and

certainly it would be very ungrateful on our part to do so much when Nature does more—to fly, as it were, in the face of Providence, and work as hard where Nature is generous as where she is niggardly. In New England they have to raise their crops on sand and gravel and granite; but, as we get farther south, there is the rich alluvium. Nature does more, why should not we do less? And we find as a matter of fact, when we get down there, it is not necessary to do so much. And education, in this way, takes on new phases. I heard of an institution down in that part of the country where it was a question whether, upon the graduation of the students, they should give them the degree of Bachelor of Arts or Master of Arts. They could not easily settle the question in their own minds as to which degree they should confer. You will see at once, Mr. President, how different the conditions are from those back in New England. There a man must go through a long course of study to get the degree of Bachelor of Arts; and then he must work several years after that in order to get the degree of Master of Arts. But down there, where Nature is so bounteous and where man needs to do so little, and where the result follows so rapidly from our toil, they were compelled to raise that question at once; and I think they decided that all students that got above ninety per cent. in their studies should have the degree of Master of Arts, and those that were below ninety per cent. should have the degree of Bachelor of Arts. [Laughter.]

The schoolmaster also finds as he gets into this more genial climate that Nature is not only more bounteous, but more luxuriant. The growths of Nature, as you know, are richer and fuller as we go farther south,

and they seem to have their effect, also, upon the intellect. The imagination seems to develop earlier and with more vigor, and in more striking ways. The New England teacher, as he gets into the Southwest, finds himself face to face with new conditions in this respect. Pupils sometimes become indifferent to those dry and critical details of knowledge that so concern us where Nature is less kindly, and people are more independent of the conventionalities of our vocabulary in many respects. They seem to blossom out into new powers of speech to a wonderful and interesting degree. A man said to me only a few days ago, in speaking about some matter, that he did not wish to do anything that would *mitigate* at all against the interests of the college. I looked at him with equal seriousness and assured him that I was very glad that he entertained that feeling. I remember on one occasion hearing of a student who, in the fervor of his oratory, of course under the influence of this same genial climate, in setting forth the evils of intemperance, exclaimed that "the whole State of Iowa was strewn with the catacombs of slaughtered drunkards." Now you will see at once that figure of speech requires an effort of the imagination to grasp and comprehend which, in our colder northern clime, we are scarcely equal to. A student was once speaking of the tendency of events in our country. It seemed to him that it was verging upon ruin, and under the influence, probably, of the same exuberant force which we have to meet with both in nature and in mind as we come south, he exclaimed, 'a wave of anarchy, rolling across the Atlantic, has fixed its fangs in the foundations of the Republic.' [Laughter.] Now try, just for a moment, to grasp that

figure of speech [more laughter]. The fangs of a wave fixing themselves in the foundations of the Republic! We can understand how it is in the case of the watchdog that pursues the boy over the garden-wall, but when you come to transfer that figure to this illustration, you meet with difficulty.

The New England teacher also finds here and there in the Southwest that the love of the ideal has been implanted even as it is in New England. While the New Englander is evidently a practical man, he is also an idealist. He wants the earth, the whole of it, and he wants heaven also. He combines the two in his thoughts and plans. He is very apt to see that his pork barrel is full for the winter, and then he sits down and reads "Looking Backward." Now there is something of the same sort, I think, down in the Southwest; so that there are bonds of sympathy between the New England teacher and those who are filled with the love of learning wherever he may go. I think I may venture to give you an outline of a composition which was prepared by one ambitious student who got out of the beaten track, and was evidently filled with the love of learning just for learning's sake. It was an essay on physiology, and the outline, in brief, was this, as I read it. The ingenuous writer said that there are three cavities in the body—the skull, the chest, and the stomach. Probably, in speaking of the first, the writer appealed to his consciousness. He knew that his skull was a cavity. As regards the last, I cannot but feel that he never attended a New England dinner. [Laughter.]—Then the writer goes on to say that the skull contains the brains if there are any. There you will observe the cautious and the scientific spirit manifested. As



regards the second, the writer says that the chest contains the lungs and part of the liver. Evidently he is a little off there. His investigations have not been as thorough as they should have been. Then, as regards the third, he said that the stomach contains the bowels; of which there are five, *a, e, i, o, u*, and sometimes *w* and *y* [prolonged laughter and applause].

You will see that, in investigations of this kind, the mind rises above the so-called practical knowledge. The remark has been made, as you know, that we live in an age of materialism. Perhaps you have heard it! And it is very gratifying to feel that in the Southwest as well as in New England there are those who love knowledge for its own sake; and that there are those who are willing to push their investigations beyond that which it is necessary for our meat and drink, rising to those regions where we dwell in an atmosphere of pure thought.

There is another feature of the relations of the New England school teacher to the Southwest that is certainly interesting. The Southwest is the border line between the North and the South. It is the line on which the streams of our civilization, so different in their sources, meet and mingle. We have, in that favored country, all the advantages of the climate of farthest north and of the farthest south, with none of the disadvantages of either of these extremes. We find that there have come together in that region people not only from the north, but from the central portions of the land and from the south, and that very fact makes the work which is done by the New England teacher in the Southwest interesting. It makes it also prophetic.

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Down in the region which I live there are cemeteries side by side where there are graves of the Confederates and of the Union boys. And in the springtime the warm showers fall alike on the graves of the northerners and the southerners, quickening into life the grass that covers their last resting-place; and the warm winds, as they come from the south, breathe their blessing upon the graves of both; and the flowers that grow in that beautiful springtime, themselves innocent of strife, become the mute memorials of deeds of heroism and of sacrifice for which those dead ones are loved and honored north and south by those who knew them and followed them to their graves. Thus, in these kindly relations, we learn to love and to honor the virtues that give to our American life its power, and to respect all that steadfastness of purpose and all that spirit of patriotism, which, found everywhere throughout our land, are the prophecy of its great and glorious future. As we go down there we find ourselves changed, we find ourselves illustrating what has been said to you in the address of the evening: we are not as our fathers were. It is only dead things, or inanimate things, that remain unchanged. We are faithful to our fathers as we adapt and adjust ourselves to new conditions and new surroundings, and so we try to be true to the present as they were true to their present, looking forward into the future with greater faith in our country, and in humanity, and in God. [Applause.]

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After the singing of the song "Home, sweet Home," by Mrs. Louie A. Peebles, the President said:

During the last thirteen years there have been many centennial celebrations in this country. As they drew



to a close the centennial idea has expanded into the quadri-centennial, and its possible locality seems to be moving westward and to be hovering over the true centre of the continent.

The earlier centennial commemorations related to the events of that conflict which brought about our independence; the later ones, to the events in which the Revolutionary statesmen of New England, side by side and hand in hand with those of Virginia and their sister colonies, wrought into their latest and most perfect form the great principles of political liberty which the forefathers of both brought with them to America. The passions which the War of the Revolution aroused have long since cooled down and given way to the nobler rivalry of peace. Our oldest ancestral traditions reach back beyond the date of the Mayflower. The language of Shakespeare and of Bacon is ours. Our courts of justice maintain and guard the rights and liberties secured by Magna Charta, the priceless heritage of the English-speaking race. In this broader view, Mr. Gladstone, England's greatest living statesman, if not the greatest of all her statesmen, has made classic the phrase which embodies the next sentiment of the evening. We have with us this evening, in one of our fellow-citizens, in whose literary reputation we take just pride, a gentleman peculiarly qualified to respond to it: Professor Hosmer, the biographer of Samuel Adams, the Revolutionary patriot of New England, and of young Sir Henry Vane, the patriot statesman of Old England. I ask him to respond to the toast:

*"Old England and New England: kin beyond the sea.  
Where love unites wide space divides in rain,  
And hands may clasp across the flowing main."*

Applause.]

To which Mr. Hosmer responded as follows:

## Response of Professor James H. Mosner.

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On the 18th of April, 1775, my great-grandfather, a young citizen of Concord, stood among the town's minute-men at the old "North Bridge," and took part, as one of the "embattled farmers," in "firing the shot heard round the world." I suppose the tail of the British lion was never so effectually twisted as during the war of the American Revolution. My great grandsire got a good grip of that famous extremity; he twisted early and he twisted often, for he was as stout patriot to the end. His descendants have taken great pride that the lion's tail shows plain marks of our ancestor's fingers; for the lion, having given himself over to evil advisers, certainly needed some discipline. Now and then, however, in the present generation some compunction will arise. Do we not owe the lion some amends? If my ancestor was so energetic at the tail, ought I not to make up for it, say, by a little scratching of his head.

Really the British lion is not such a bad fellow; nor was he an altogether bad fellow one hundred years ago. The war of our Revolution, it has been lately said, was not so much a strife of countries as a strife of parties, and no remark can be more true. In America the patriots were confronted by a party of Tories, probably more numerous, certainly richer and in better position, than those whom they faced. The Revolution was the work of an energetic minority, and Wash-

ington could never have carried it through to success but for the help of the French. On the other hand, in England, George III. and his friends were beset at every turn by a powerful opposition brilliantly represented in Parliament by the Pitts, father and son, Burke, Fox, Camden; and composing, outside of Parliament, a vast body of the nation, at the time disfranchised for the most part, but making their resistance stormily apparent. The strife, in fact, was waged scarcely less on one side of the sea than the other: it was bloody in America, bloodless in England; but some of the fiercest encounters took place upon the floor of the British House of Commons, and in great debates outside. When the Americans at last reached success, those who sympathized with them in the mother land, encouraged, proceeded at once with the agitation which resulted in the Reform Bill of 1832 and its successors—momentous measures—the effect of which has been to make England (in the words of John Richard Green), “though still under monarchical forms, a democratic republic;” and not alone a republic herself, but the parent of democratic republics in all quarters of the world, possessing a degree of popular freedom greater even than belongs to us.

I was reading the other day the letters of Horace Walpole, one of those pro-Americans of one hundred years ago, and I came upon an interesting passage. When the news of Burgoyne’s surrender reached England, in 1777, Horace Walpole burst out to one of his correspondents:

“Thank God, old England is safe! I mean New England, whither the genuine English retired under the persecutions of Charles I.”

Horace Walpole's thought was that the exiles were more genuinely English than those who drove them forth; and that the society which they set up in New England was a revival of an older and better England which in the mother land had been overlaid and superseded by the feudalism of the Norman invaders. How much truth is there in this?

I emigrated to the West from the fine old Connecticut-valley town of Deerfield. When Deerfield was settled, two hundred years ago, the settlers, living in their palisaded village, had each his homestead in severalty; the outlying pasture and woodland were owned in common; the meadow and plowland between were held by an intermediate tenure, allotted to individuals while the crop was growing, thrown into common when the crop had been gathered. Precisely such social and legal forms were established, twelve hundred years before, by the followers of Hengist and' Horsa, when they made their home in Britain.

In the town of Plymouth, directly opposite the parsonage of the old John Robinson parish in which my mother was born, across Leyden street, is the site of the "Common House," the first house built by the Pilgrims, on the bank of the brook that determined the settlement, within a stone's throw of the rock where they landed. The "Common House" was the scene of the earliest New England town meetings—the town meeting, identical in all essential respects with the *folc-moot*, in which in *tun* and *seire* the English of Alfred's day, a thousand years ago, regulated their life!

The young minute-man of Concord, to whom I have referred, drew his name and blood from a yeoman of Kent, who died in battle, at the right hand of Edmund

Ironside, in 1016, fighting to save his land from the Danes. His case was not at all singular. There was probably not a man in arms that day whose stock was not in like manner ancient and honorable. And of us Yankees here to-night there are probably none who do not draw name and blood—yes, and the melodious nasal twang just now so apparent as we sang the ode—from sturdy yeomen, the bone and sinew of England in ages before the Norman interlopers had crossed the channel. Certainly, the New England exiles were more genuinely English than those who drove them forth; the forms they set up were a revival of forms most ancient; while New England has pervaded so profoundly and beneficently America in general, the government of, by, and for the people which has come to pass is nothing more and nothing less than that most ancient Anglo-Saxon freedom, developed and adapted to the changed conditions of the 19th century, but in essence the same at the present hour as it was when described by Tacitus. New England and Old England—which is the New, and which the Old? In the great wax-work show of “Daniel in the Lion’s Den,” Daniel, according to the showman, could be distinguished from the lion by the blue cotton umbrella which he carried under his arm. We need a blue cotton umbrella, or some equally good mark, in this case, to distinguish Daniel from the lion.

The resemblance is indeed close. Sir Edwin Arnold, the poet who wrote “The Light of Asia,” the last great Englishman to visit us, said the other day, that his “chief impression was of the absolute practical identity of the two countries, in manners, mind, and national life”; and in so saying he but repeats the testimony of

R. A. Procter, of Matthew Arnold, of Lord Coleridge, of every acute and candid Englishman who has given us study. On the other hand, what does the American find in the old home? It was my fortune to spend in London the summer of 1886, the time of the great Colonial Exhibition. Whoever walked through those broad halls was profoundly struck with the wealth and the vastness of the British empire. Not a zone, not a quarter of the earth was unrepresented. You felt you were in the presence of "that power whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, fills the whole earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." But as regards the English-speaking dependencies, the impression was not less deep of their absolute practical identity with ourselves "in manners, mind, and national life." On canvasses against the walls were portrayed many distant towns. It might be the capital of the Falkland Islands near the pole of the South, or a settlement by Hudson's Bay near the pole of the North; it might be Auckland or Melbourne on the confines of the East, or Vancouver or Esquimaux far to the west. However sundered, they looked alike, and at the same time you felt you were studying American streets. As regards the appliances that surrounded you, in such coaches we, too, ride; in such boats we sail, in such houses we live, in such clothes we dress. I remember, one rainy day I carried an umbrella. So, each Britisher and each colonist had just such another. Faithful Daniel in that lion's den had his blue cotton umbrella, but it was no distinction; the British lion was shielding his paws, his mane, and that sorely twisted tail of his, under a protector precisely similar! If one looked at deeper things, both they



and we had been fed on the same literature, nurtured in the same religious faith, disciplined in the same Anglo-Saxon freedom, broken to the same all-conquering tongue.

What possible conclusion but that we should stand by one another as brothers! Said John Bright in one of his last public utterances, a letter to the Committee for the celebration of the centennial of the Constitution, in 1887:

“As you advance upon the second century of your national life, can we not ask that our two nations may become one people?”

And Sir Edwin Arnold, in an interview with President Harrison, suggested to him the establishment of an International Council, to be composed of the best men of the two countries, whose function should be to adjust all points in dispute—a scheme which might easily grow into a loose federation. When the hand is thus cordially extended, why shall we not, sinking out of sight small prejudices and animosities, as cordially meet the overture? One hundred years ago there were two Americas and two Englands, and to-day it is the same. There is the England of which Lord Dundreary is the type; and the America of which the daughter of the money-bags is the type, who is willing to sell herself soul and body to secure Lord Dundreary for a husband. On the other hand, there is the strong, persistent, heroic England for which stand Gladstone, John Bright, and James Bryce; as there is in America that excellent “plain people” whom Abraham Lincoln loved and trusted. Miss Moth flies at her aristocratic luminary careless of any singeing she may receive. By all means let the nobler England and the nobler America, such close

kin beyond the sea, across the flowing main clasp hands.  
[Applause.]

The choir sang the song, "Hurrah for Old New England." After which the President introduced the last speaker of the evening in the following words :

We all know, and we know with pleasure, that two other associations of our fellow-citizens exist in our city, of earlier date than our own, and whose admirable objects include the like purpose of cherishing the traditions and honoring the memory of their forefathers. We should fail of the true spirit of American citizens if we did not offer to them the right-hand of fellowship. In that spirit your committee took great pleasure in inviting the official representatives of those Societies to meet with us this evening, and in adding to the list a toast which invokes their good-will and sympathy while assuring them of our own.

You will all heartily join me in the sentiment, "Our Sister Societies," to which I ask Dr. McIntyre, President of the Caledonian Society of St. Louis, to respond.

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### Response of J. H. McIntyre, M.D.

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Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen of the  
New England Society:

It gives me great pleasure to be with you on this occasion, and also to remark that you have given me a most decided surprise. I have been somewhat accustomed to annual banquets in our Society, the Caledonian, and I have also had the distinguished and pleasant



honor to be present at the annual banquets of the Knights of St. Patrick, where oratory flows as freely as the water that passes at our doors. The surprise to which I am treated this evening is, I see, what we really lack in the Caledonian Society. I refer to the presence of the ladies. Seriously, I was not expecting, Mr. President, to see the ladies on this occasion, and yet there is nothing which adds tone, attractiveness, and all the elements of success, to any undertaking, or to any cause, be it what it may, like the genial presence and encouraging smiles of the ladies.

Now, at the Caledonian Society, you may ask what we do without the ladies. Well, we talk about the greatness and glory of Scotland, and how successful the children of the mist and their descendants have been; and, by the way, I have to come to think, in watching the proceedings of this very cultured and pleasing body, that you will get about as much of real success from a Scotchman or a Yankee as you will from any person upon the face of the earth. We not only talk about the matters I speak of, at our banquets, but we have a variety of toasts, and we drink Hot Scotch! I will say to the ladies, however, that we never become inebriated. Never. Bobby Burns has said that a man may stagger, and not be drunk; he may fall by the wayside, and not be drunk; he may even lie down upon the green and be unable to rise, and not be drunk, if he is able to hold on to the grass. My wife said to me when I started this evening: "Remember, sir, this is Saturday night, and I shall expect to see you at home by twelve o'clock." I told her I did not see why it was that this affair was called for Saturday night, until I remembered that it was the 21st of December, marking an event which, in

importance, is second to nothing that happened probably within the last two thousand years. So that you cannot reasonably postpone its celebration to any other time. Our recent banquet on St. Andrew's evening happened to be on Saturday night, and I received the same admonition, Mr. President, on that evening as I did upon this. I was in on time—only two hours late. Has Major Morrill gone yet? He knows all about railroad matters, and getting in on time.

Now we celebrate the 30th of November as the day of our patron saint, for the reason, as you well know, that St. Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland, as he is also of Russia, Hungary, and Burgundy. He was the son of Jonas, the fisherman—consequently, the brother of Simon Peter—who suffered martyrdom in the year 70 at Patræ, now called the city of Patra, and who was crucified, placed upon the cross, but not upon the Latin cross, and fastened, as “He who went about doing good,” by having the nails driven into his hands and feet, but on a cross the shape of the letter X. After suffering upon the cross for two days he expired, and was then embalmed at the expense of a wealthy christian lady, was taken from place to place, and finally interred in Scotland, near where now is the famous Cathedral and City of St. Andrew, and very naturally has been, on account of his many virtues, accepted by the people of Scotland as their patron saint. And that is the reason why the Caledonian Society celebrates the day of their patron saint, although they may drink hot Scotch whiskey and never get drunk.

Mr. President, at this late hour, I suppose I may be pardoned if I indulge only in a few more remarks. I may say that this Society, although, if I understand rightly,

it has only been in existence for four or five years, this being the fifth annual banquet, commands the respect and the admiration of the sister Societies, and they are glad to see and hear evidences of your prosperity. I shall certainly report to our own what I have seen this evening. I have learned from you upon this occasion, not only that the grace which is added to any occasion by the presence of ladies adds to its attractiveness, but also that here is a representation of the intelligence, the culture, the active energy, which commands so great an amount of admiration throughout this broad land.

[Applause.]

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The quartette sang "The Sword of Bunker Hill," and the Society adjourned after singing together "Auld Lang Syne."

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## Obituary.

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There have been two deaths in the Society during the past year, James M. Pattee and Charles Holmes.

JAMES M. PATTEE was born in Enfield, N. H., April 6, 1823, in which town he spent the early years of his life. Afterwards he became interested in investments in western lands and mines, and accumulated a large amount of money by these speculations.

In 1855 he married Miss Eunice D. Read (born May 9, 1837), daughter of Henry Read, of New Haven, Ct. Four daughters survive this marriage—Lena, Natalie, Euna, and Mona.

For several years the family resided in Philadelphia, then in New York, later in California. For two or three years they traveled in Europe. Mr. Pattee settled in St. Louis December 19, 1888.

CHARLES HOLMES was born in Kingston, between Duxbury and Plymouth, Mass., January 17, 1804, and died in St. Louis, Mo., June —, 1889. He was reared under the influence of the Pilgrims, from whom, and from sturdy Scotch ancestors, he was descended, and the sterling qualities of each were inherent in his character.

In 1826 he came to St. Louis, and engaged in mercantile pursuits, but soon thereafter removed to Quincy, Ills., where he continued in the same business, and where on Dec. 1, 1831, he married Miss Susan S. Wyman, sister of Mr. Edward Wyman, the eminent Educator of the West. Subsequently he was merchandising at Hillsboro, Ills., for a time, but again settled in St. Louis, which remained his home till his death.

Mr. Holmes' long and useful life was characterized by the strictest uprightness and integrity. He was modest and retiring, of an equable temperament, neither inflated by prosperity nor depressed by adversity, but always cheerful, genial and hopeful. Those who knew him best appreciated him most. He had a rich vein of pleasantry and humor, and an exhaustless fund of anecdote, that made him a delightful companion and charmed all that came within his influence; yet these mirthful qualities in no manner detracted from his character as a pure and incere christian gentleman.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS  
OF THE  
NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY  
OF ST. LOUIS.

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I.

This Association shall be known as the "NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF ST. LOUIS."

II.

The officers of this Society shall be a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and an Executive Committee consisting of six members together with the President, Treasurer and Secretary, who shall be *ex officio* members thereof. All officers, except the members of the Executive Committee, shall be elected annually, and hold their offices for one year, or until their successors are duly elected. The regular term of office of the Executive Committee shall be three years, two being chosen each year. Any vacancy in any office that may occur shall be filled by the Executive Committee.

III.

There shall be an annual meeting of the Society, which shall be held in February, the day to be fixed by the

Executive Committee, at which meeting the business shall be the election of the officers of the Society for the ensuing year ; and, next, any other business of importance to the Society shall be transacted.

IV.

Any person of good moral character of New England birth or rearing, or a descendant of a male or female native of any of the New England States, shall be eligible to become a member of the Society, and shall be admitted a member of the Society on a majority vote of the members of the Executive Committee at any meeting of the Committee, or at an annual meeting of the Society, by a majority vote of those members present ; and, being so admitted, shall become a member thereof on paying the admission fee and subscribing his name to the Constitution and By-laws.

V.

The admission fee shall be five dollars, and the annual dues five dollars, which shall be payable to the Treasurer on the first day of October of each year. If the annual dues of any member shall remain unpaid for a period exceeding one year, the Society or the Executive Committee may drop such member from the list of members for non-payment of dues.

VI.

The Executive Committee shall prepare a festival and dinner in celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims, in

VII.

December of each year, the day to be fixed by the Committee. Each member shall be entitled to bring to the annual dinner one person besides himself, who may participate in the dinner on the payment by the member of such an additional sum as the Committee shall deem necessary, not exceeding five dollars, and the Executive Committee may invite as many guests to participate in the dinner as the condition of the treasury shall warrant.

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## Members of the Society.

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### HONORARY MEMBERS.

General William T. Sherman.  
Hon. Wm. M. Evarts.  
General John Pope.  
Hon. Samuel Treat.

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### MEMBERS AND ADDRESSES.

#### A

Edmund T. Allen, 404 Market Street.  
James F. Allen, 415 Olive Street.  
Denham Arnold, Smith Academy.  
Elmer B. Adams, Laclede Building.  
A. M. Averill, Broadway and Pine Street.  
Le Baron L. Austin, 405 North Sixth Street.  
John T. Alden, 1001 North Levee.

#### B

Samuel G. Burnham, 112 Olive Street.  
Charles E. Briggs, 2747 Olive Street.  
Edward P. Bronson, 907 North Main Street.  
George D. Barnard, 1101 Washington Avenue.  
G. A. Bowman, 2624 Washington Avenue.  
Charles W. Barstow, 617 North Second Street.  
Hudson Eliot Bridge, 204 North Third Street.  
Augustus W. Benedict, 3841 Delmar Avenue.  
Cyrus P. Burnham, Pine street and Vandeventer Avenue.  
William M. Bulkley, 3012 Lucas Avenue.



C

George O. Carpenter, Jr., Second Street and Cass Avenue.  
William H. Collins, Second and Vine Streets.  
Lewis E. Collins, Second and Vine Streets.  
Edward C. Chamberlin, 219 Chestnut Street.  
Charles W. S. Cobb, 822 Chestnut Street.  
George D. Capen, Sixth and Locust Streets.  
Charles H. Chapin, 2 North Fourth Street.  
Frank C. Case, 117 North Third Street.  
J. H. Cavender, 706 Pine Street.  
James O. Churchill,, Custom-house.  
Daniel Catlin, Chestnut and Thirteenth Streets.  
J. G. Chapman, 204 North Third Street.  
F. J. Comstock, 410 North Fourth Street.

D

John F. Davies, Public Library.  
E. A. DeWolf, Broadway and Washington Avenue.  
Thomas Dimmock, 3120 Washington Avenue.  
Asa W. Day, 415 North Fourth Street.  
Henry H. Denison, 517 Chestnut Street.  
Frederick W. Drury, 2031 Randolph Street.  
George S. Drake, 2807 Locust Street.  
Nathaniel H. Day, 3230 Pine Street.

E

A. M. Eddy, 709 North Main Street.  
Edward C. Eliot, Bank of Commerce Building.  
John P. Ellis, 417 Pine Street.  
George B. Emmons, 3015 Washington Avenue.

F

Edwin Fowler, Odd Fellows' Building.  
C. I. Filley, 17 North Beaumont Street.  
Charles S. Freeborn, 309 Olive Street.  
James W. Ford, 3230 Pine Street.  
Frank E. Fowler, 315 North Third Street.

**G**

Melvin L. Gray, 517 Chestnut Street.  
Joseph W. Goddard, 104 North Second Street.  
Hoyt H. Green, 3517 Morgan Street.  
Carlos S. Greeley, 1535 Lucas Place.  
Thomas S. Greene, 2818 Washington Avenue.

**H**

William G. Hammond, 1417 Lucas Place.  
William B. Homer, 411 Olive Street.  
Robert M. Hubbard, 513 Chamber of Commerce.  
F. W. Humphrey, Broadway and Pine Street.  
E. R. Hoyt, 4481 Pine Street.  
Merrifield W. Huff, 506 Olive Street.  
William L. Huse, 204 North Third Street.  
H. S. Hopkins, 112 North Fourth Street.  
Willis Howe, Lindell Hotel.  
Henry Hitchcock, 1507 Lucas Place.  
Ethan A. Hitchcock, 404 Market Street.  
James K. Hosmer, 3418 Lucas Avenue.  
Delos R. Haynes, 211 North Eighth Street.

**J**

George E. Jackson, Washington University.  
Frederick N. Jndson, 509 Olive Street.  
D. T. Jewett, 511 Pine Street.  
Dana I. Jocelyn, 517 Olive Street.  
Edward F. Jackson, Washington University.  
Charles F. Joy, 414 Olive Street.

**K**

Samuel H. Knight, 117 North Fourth Street.  
T. D. Kimball, 414 Olive Street.  
James E. Kaime, 610 Olive Street.  
H. H. Keith, 2731 Washington Avenue.  
Mrs. John W. Kaufman, Lindell avenue and King's Highway.

**L**

John C. Learned, 1748 Waverley Place.  
Bradley D. Lee, 417 Pine Street.

Russell F. Lamb, Chamber of Commerce.  
F. H. Ludington, 8 North Main Street.  
George E. Leighton, 204 North Third Street.  
George Bridge Leighton, 204 North Third Street.

**M**

George E. Martin, Westminster Place.  
A. E. Mills, Broadway and Pine Street.  
Alvah Mansur, 515 North Main Street.  
George B. Morgan, 3899 Washington Avenue.  
Samuel P. Merriam, Aubert place, Cote Brilliante.  
Gaius S. Merwin, Laclede Building.  
Henry L. Morrill, 2814 Pine Street.

**N**

George A. Newcomb, Locust and Seventh Streets.

**O**

Austin P. Oliver, 404 Market Street.

**P**

Garland Pollard, 203 North Third Street.  
H. M. Pollard, 404 North Fifth Street.  
Everett W. Pattison, 305 Olive Street.  
Frank A. Pratt, 509 Washington Avenue.  
John G. Priest, 722 Chestnut Street.  
W. H. Pulsifer, Second street and Cass Avenue.  
Alfred Plant, 814 North Fourth Street.  
Truman A. Post, 414 Olive Street.  
Gaius Paddock, 814 North Main Street.  
Charles Parsons, 2804 Pine Street.  
Frederick S. Plant, 814 North Fourth Street.  
Edward A. Pomeroy, 2738 Russell Avenue.

**R**

Edward S. Rowse, 304 North Eighth Street.  
Eben Richards, 3555 Franklin Avenue.  
Thomas H. Rockwood, 123 Locust Street.  
Lyman B. Ripley, 907 North Main Street.

Clinton Rowell, 414 Olive Street.  
John F. Randall, Chamber of Commerce.  
Frank K. Ryan, 506 Olive Street.  
James Richardson, 2827 Locust Street.  
William K. Richards, 1101 Washington Avenue.  
Edward C. Rowse, 304 North Eighth Street.  
Augustin K. Root, Alton, Ills.  
Truman P. Riddle, Chestnut and Thirteenth Streets.

**S**

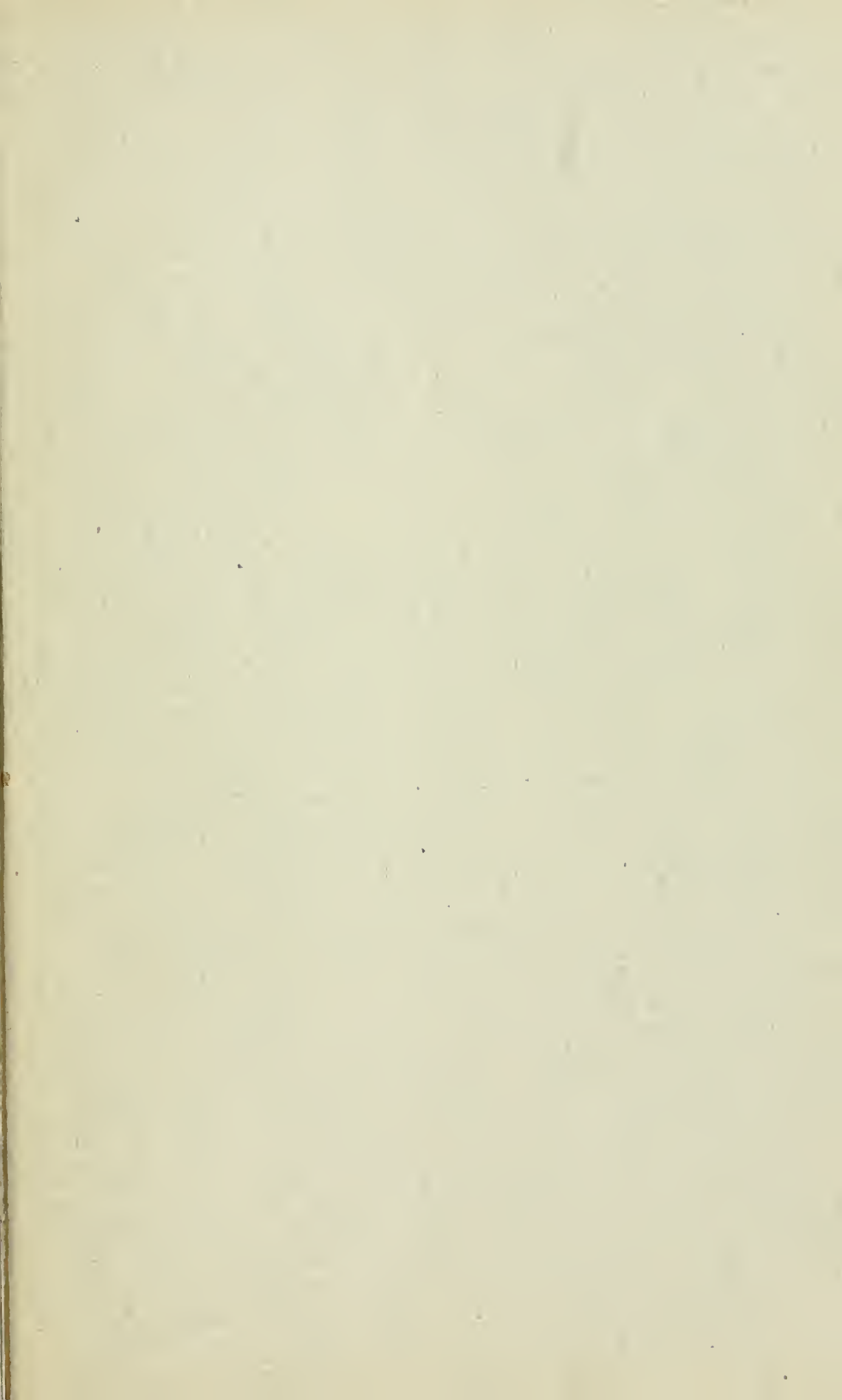
C. H. Sampson, 408 North Broadway.  
Edwin O. Stanard, 305 Chamber of Commerce.  
William A. Stickney, 203 North Fourth Street.  
Marshall S. Snow, Washington University.  
A. F. Shapleigh, 519 North Main Street.  
L. W. Stebbins, 220 Chamber of Commerce.  
R. P. Studley, 221 North Main Street.  
George Simpkins, 304 North Eighth Street.  
W. L. Sheldon, Hotel Glenmore.  
Melvin H. Stearns, Clark avenue and Fourth Street.  
John F. Shepley, 415 Locust Street.

**T**

Lewis B. Tebbetts, 515 North Main Street.  
H. W. L. Thatcher, 1907 South Jefferson Avenue.

**W**

Alfred H. White, Laclede Building.  
Oscar L. Whitelaw, 409 North Second Street.  
C. M. Woodward, 1761 Missouri Avenue.  
Rodney D. Wells, Vine and Third Streets.  
E. E. Webster, 6807 Michigan Avenue.  
Robert H. Whitelaw, 409 North Second Street.  
J. Sibley White, 2104 Waverley Place.  
Leonard Wilcox, 1 North Broadway.  
A. C. Whitney, Turner Building.  
F. C. Wood, 224 Walnut Street.  
D. R. Wolfe, 411 North Third Street.  
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